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THE

Honest Yorkshire-Man.

^A
BALLAD FARCE.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRES

With Universal Applause.

Nunc itaque & versus & cætera ludicra pono.

HOR. Epist. I.

LONDON:

Printed by *Edmund Cook*, near *Ludgate-Hill*, and
Sold by the Bookfellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

M.DCC.XXXVL

ACTORS Names.

At the THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

Gaylove, a young Barrister, in Love with Arbella.	Mr. Salway.
Muckworm, Uncle and Guar- dian to Arbella.	Mr. Jones.
Sapscull, a Country 'Squire, in- tended for Arbella.	Mr. Este.
Slango, Servant to Gaylove, an Arch Fellow.	Young Master Green.
Blunder, Servant to Sapscull, a Clown.	Mr. Topping.
Arbella, Niece to Muckworm, in Love with Gaylove.	Mrs. Cantrel.
Combrush, her Maid, a pert One.	Mrs. Pritchard.

At the THEATRE in Goodman's Fields.

Gaylove,	Mr. Kelley.
Muckworm,	Mr. Norris.
Sapscull,	Mr. Bardin.
Slango,	Mr. Woodward.
Blunder,	Mr. Dove.
Arbella,	Miss Gerrard.
Combrush,	Mrs. Roberts.



THE



T. THE

Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.

SCENE, *an Apartment in Muckworm's House.*

Arbella, Combrush.

AIR I. By Signor Perpora.

Arbella.



*Entle Cupid! seek my Lover,
Wast a thousand Sighs from me;
All my tender Fears discover,
Bid him haste! —
O bid him haste, and set me free.*

Combrush!

Comb. Ma'am.

Arb. No News from Gaylove yet?

Comb. Not a Tittle, Ma'am.

Arb. It quite distracts me.

Comb. And every Body else, Ma'am; for when you are out of Humour, one may as well be out of the World: Well! this Love is a strange Thing; when once it gets Possession of a young Lady's Heart, it turns her Head quite topsy-turvy, and makes her out of Humour with every Body — I'm sure I have Reason to say so.

Arb. Prithce leave your Nonsense, and tell me something of Gaylove.

Comb. All I can tell you, Ma'am, is, That he is stark staring Mad for Love of you. But this confounded Uncle of yours —

Arb. What of him?

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Comb. Has just receiv'd News of the Arrival of a rich Country 'Squire out of *Yorkshire*; which Country 'Squire is cut out for your Husband.

Arb. They that cut a Husband out for me, shall cut him out of better Stuff, I assure you.

AIR II. In vain, dear *Cbloe*.

*Shall I stand still and tamely see
Such Smithfield Bargains made of me?*

Is not my Heart my own?

*I bate, I scorn their clownish 'Squire,
Nor Lord, nor Duke, do I desire,*

But him I love alone.

Comb. Well said, Ma'am, I love a Woman of Spirit.

AIR III. Hark! away, 'tis the merry ton'd Horn.

Why should Women so much be controul'd?

Why should Men with our Rights make so bold?

Let the Battle 'twixt Sexes be try'd;

We shall soon prove the strongest Side.

Then stand to your Arms,

And trust to your Charms,

Soon whining, and pining,

The Men will pursue;

But if you grow tame,

They'll but make you their Game,

And prove perfect Tyrants

If once they subdue.

[*Exeunt*,

SCENE, a Street near the House.

Gaylove and Slang.

Gayl. No Way to get at her?

Slang. The Devil a Bit, Sir; old *Muckworm* has cut off all Communication: But I have worse News to tell you yet.

Gayl. That's impossible.

Slang. Your Mistress is to be married to another, and that quickly.

Gayl. Married! You surprize me; to whom?

Slang. To 'Squire *Sapsull*, a *Yorkshire* Gentleman, of a very great Estate.

Gayl.

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Gayl. Confusion! Can she be so false? To *Sapscull*!
I know him well, of *Sapscull-Hall*——I was born
within a Mile and a half of the Place; his Father is
the greatest Rogue in the County, the very Man I am
now suing for what my late Brother mortgag'd to him,
when I was a Student at *Cambridge*. Is he not content
to with-hold my Right from me, but he must seek to
rob me of the only Happiness I desire in Life?

AIR IV. The Charms of Florimel.

I.

My Charming Arabell,
to make the mine secure,
What would not I endure?
'Tis past the Pow'r of Tongue to tell,
The Love I bear my Arabell.

II.

No Human Force shall quell,
My Passion for my Dear,
Can Love be too sincere?
I'd sooner take of Life farewell,
Than of my dearest Arabell.

Is there no Way to prevent this Match? You were
not us'd to be thus barren of Invention.

Slang. Nor am I now, Sir; your humble Servant
has invented already,——and such a Scheme!

Gayl. How! which Way, dear *Slang*?

Slang. Why thus,——I must personate *Arbella*,
(with this sweet Face) and you her Uncle, under
which Disguises we may intercept the Country 'Squire,
and get his Credentials; equipt with which—I leave
you to guess the rest.

Gayl. Happy Invention! Success attend it.

Slang. I can't say *Amen*; though I'd do any Thing
to serve you. Do you know the Result, Sir? no less
than the Forfeiture of your dear Liberty. Have you
forgot the Song of *the Dog and the Bone*?

[N. B. The following Song is taken from Mr. *Worsdale's Cure for a Scold*, inserted here by his Permissi-
on, and very proper to be sung in this Place, by *Slang*,
for the future. Tune,

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Tune, When the bright God of Day.

I.

*Who'er to a Wife
Is link'd, for his Life,
Is plac'd in most wretched Condition:
Tho' plagu'd with her Tricks,
Like a Blister she sticks,
And Death is his only Physician,
And Death is his only Physician.*

II.

*To trifle and toy.
May give a Man Joy,
When summon'd by Love, or by Beauty;
But, where is the Bliss in
Our Conjugal Kissing,
When Passion is prompted by Duty,
When Passion is prompted by Duty.*

III.

*The Cur who possess'd
Of Mutton the best,
A Bone he could leave at his Pleasure:
But if to his Tail
'Tis ty'd, without Fail
He's barras'd and plagu'd beyond Measure,
He's barras'd and plagu'd beyond Measure.*

Gayl. I am now of a contrary Opinion: Vice looks so hateful, and Virtue so amiable in my Eye, especially as 'tis the ready Road to true Happiness, I am resolv'd to pursue its Paths. A regular Life, and a good Wife for me.

A I R V. Answer to the above Song,
To the same Tune.

I.

*That Man who for Life,
Is blest in a Wife,
Is sure in a happy Condition;
Go Things how they will,
She sticks by him still,
She's Comforter, Friend, and Physician,
She's, &c.*

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II.

*Pray where is the Joy,
To Trifle and Toy,
Yet dread some Disaster from Beauty?
But sweet is the Bliss,
Of a Conjugal Kiss,
Where Love mingles Pleasure with Duty.
Where, &c.*

III.

*One extravagant Whore,
Shall cost a Man more,
Than twenty good Wives who are saving;
For Wives they will spare,
That their Children may share,
But Whores are eternally craving.
But, &c.* [Exeunt.

SCENE, another Street.

Sapscull and Blunder, staring about.

Sapsf. Wuns-lent! what a mortal big Place this same London is? ye mun ne'er see End on't, for sure;—Housen upon Housen, Folk upon Folk—one would admire where they did grow all of 'em.

*Blund. Ay, Master, and this is nought to what you'll see an by, and ye go to Tower ye mun see great hugeous Ships as tall as Housen: Then ye mun go to Playhousen, and there be no less nor six of 'em, a hopeful Company, o' my Conscience! There you'll see your comical Tragedies; and your Uproars, and Roaratoribusses, and hear *Fardinello*, that sings *Solfa* better nor our Minster Choir-Men: And more nor that, ye mun ya' your Choice of the prattiest Lasses, ye e'er set E'en on.*

Sapsf. By th'Mefs, and I'll be some body among 'em—so I will—but how mun we find out this same Sir Penurious Muckworm?

Blund. Ye mun look to Letter for that.

Sapsf. Letter says, G-r-o-z Groz ve-n-e-r- near Grozveneer Square; but how mun ye know where this same Grozveneer Square is?

Blund. Why ye mun ask Ostler for that, he'll set you right for sure: For your London Ostlers are wiser by half than our Country Justasses.

Sapsf. Ay, Blunder, ev'ry thing's fine in London.

AIR VI.

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AIR VI. *London is a fine Town,*

I.

- " *O London is a dainty Place,*
- " *A great and gallant City,*
- " *For all the Streets are pav'd with Gold,*
- " *And all the Folks are witty.*

II.

- " *And there's your Lords and Ladies fine,*
- " *That ride in Coach and Six,*
- " *That nothing drink but Claret Wine,*
- " *And talk of Politicks.*

III.

- " *And there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,*
- " *Bedaub'd from Head to Chin;*
- " *Their Pocket-Holes adorn'd with Gold,*
- " *But not one Souse within.*

IV.

- " *And there's the English Actor goes*
- " *With many a hungry Belly,*
- " *While Heaps of Gold are forc'd, God wot;*
- " *On Signior Farrinelli.*

V.

- " *And there's your Dames, of dainty Frames,*
- " *With Skins as white as Milk,*
- " *Drest ev'ry Day, in Garments gay,*
- " *Of Satin, and of Silk.*

VI.

- " *And if your mind be so inclin'd,*
- " *To have them in your Arms,*
- " *Pull out a handsome ——— Purse of Gold,*
- " *They can't resist its Charms.*

To them Gaylove is Muckworm.

Gayl. Welcome to London, dear 'Squire Sapsull. I hope your good Father's well, and all at Sapsull-Hall.

Saps. Did ye e'er hear the like, Blunder? This old Gentleman knows me as well as I know myself.

[*To Blunder aside.*]

Blund. Ay, Master, your Londoneers knows every thing.

Gayl. I had Letters of your coming, and was resolv'd to meet you.

Saps.

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Saps. Pray, Sir, who may you be, an I may be so bold?

Gayl. My Name, Sir is *Muckworm*.

Saps. What Sir *Penurious Muckworm*?

Gayl. So they call me.

Saps. Sir, if your Name be Sir *Penurious Muckworm*, my Name is *Samuel Sapsull*, Jun. Esq; Son of Sir *Samuel Sapsull* of *Sapsull-Hall* i'th' *East-Riding* o'Yorkshire.

Gayl. Sir, I am no Stranger to your Family and Merit; for which Reason I sent for you to Town, to marry my Niece with 6000 *l.* Fortune, and a pretty Girl in the Bargain.

Blund. Look ye there, Master! [*Aside to Sapsull.*]

Saps. Hold your Peace, you Blockhead.

[*Aside to Blunder.*]

Gayl. But how may I be sure that you are the very 'Squire *Sapsull* I sent for. Have you no Letters, no Credentials?

Saps. Open the Portmantell, *Blunder*——Yes, Sir, I ha'brought all my Tackle with me. Here, Sir, is a Letter from Father: —— [*Gives a Letter.*] —— And here, Sir, are Deeds and Writings, to shew what you mun ha' to trust to: And here, Sir, is Marriage-Settlement, sign'd by Father, in fit Case young Gentlewoman and I likes one another.

Gayl. Sir, she can't chuse but admire so charming a Person. There is but one Obstacle that I know of.

Saps. What may that be, an I may be so bold?

Gayl. Your Habit, Sir, your Habit.

Saps. Why, Sir, 'twas counted wondrous fine in our Country last Parlemeunteering Time.

Gayl. O, Sir, but it's old fashion'd now, and my Niece loves every Thing to the tip Top of the Mode. But if you'll go along with me, I'll equip you in an Instant.

AIR VII. Set by the Author.

I.

*Come hither, my Country Squire,
Take friendly Instructions from me;*

The

to *The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

*The Lords shall admire,
Thy Taste in Attire,
The Ladies shall languish for thee.*

C H O R U S.

*Such Flanting,
Gallanting,
And Jaunting,
Such Frolicking thou shall see,
Thou ne'er like a Clown,
Shalt quit London's sweet Town,
To live in thine own Country.*

II.

*A Skimming-Dish Hat provide,
With little more Brim than Lace;
Nine Hairs on a Side,
To a Pig's Tail ty'd,
Will set off thy jolly broad Face.
Such Flanting, &c.*

III.

*Go get thee a Footman's Frock,
A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose,
Then frizz like a Shock,
And plaister thy Block,
And buckle thy Shoes at thy Toes.
Such Flaunting, &c.*

IV.

*A Brace of Ladies fair,
To pleasure thee shall drive,
In a Chaise and Pair,
They shall take the Air,
And thou in the Box shalt drive.
Such Flaunting, &c.*

V.

*Convert thy Acres to Cash,
And saw thy Timber Trees down,
Who'd keep such Trash,
And not cut a Flash,
Or enjoy the Delights of the Town.
Such Flaunting, &c.*

[Exeunt.
SCENE,

The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN. II

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

Arbella and Combrush.

AIR VII. Set by the Author.

I.

Arb. *In vain you mention Pleasure
To one confin'd like me,
Ah what is Wealth or Treasures
Compar'd to Liberty.*

II.

*O thou for whom I languish,
And dost the same for me,
Relieve a Virgin's Anguish,
And set a Captive free.*

To them Muckworm.

Muck. Come, there's a good Girl, don't be in the Pouts, now.

Comb. I think it's enough to put any young Lady in the Pouts, to deny her the Man she likes, and force her to marry a great Loobily *Yorkshire Tike*. In short, Sir, my Mistress don't like him, and won't have him—Nay, I don't like him, and tell you flat and plain she shan't have him.

Muck. Shan't have him, Mrs. Snapdragon!

Comb. No, shan't have him, Sir—If I were she, I'd see who should force me to marry against my Will.

Muck. Was ever such an impudent Hussy; but I'll send you packing. Get out of my House, you saucy Baggage.

Arb. Sir, tho' you have the Care of my Estate, you have no Command over my Servants; I am your Ward, not your Slave; if you use me thus, you'll constrain me to chuse another Guardian.

Muck. [*Aside.*] A Gipsy! who taught her this Cunning? I must hasten this Match, or lose 1000*l.* by the Bargain. [*To Arb.*] What a Bustle is here with a peevish Love-sick Girl? Pray, Child, have you learnt *Cupid's Catechism*? Do you know what Love is?

Arb. Yes, Sir. —————

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AIR IX. Set by the Author.

*Love's a gentle generous Passion,
Source of all sublime Delight,
When with mutual Inclination,
Two fond Hearts in one unite.
Two fond, &c.*

II.

*What are Titles, Pomp or Riches,
If compar'd with true Content?
That false Joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.
When obtain'd, &c.*

III.

*Lawless Passions bring Vexation,
But a chaste and constant Love,
Is a glorious Emulation,
Of the blissful State above.
Of the, &c.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, one 'Squire Sapskull out of Yorkshires, desires to speak with you.

Muck. I'm glad he's come——desire him to walk in
[*Servant goes out, and returns with Gaylove dress'd in Sapskull's Cloaths.*]

Gayl. Sir, an your Name be Sir Penurious Muck-worm.

Muck. Sir, I have no other; may I crave yours?

Gayl. Samuel Sapskull Jun. Esq; at your Lordship's Service.

Muck. A very mannerly towardly Youth, and a comely one, I assure you. [To Arbella.

Gayl. Pray, Sir, an I may be so bold, which of these two pratty Lassies is your Niece, and my Wife, that mun be.

Arb. What a Brute is this? Before I'd have such a Wretch for a Husband, I'd die ten thousand Deaths.

Muck. Which do you like best, Sir?

Gayl. Marry, and I were to chuse, I'd tak'em both.

Muck. Very courtly, indeed. I see the 'Squire's a Wag.
Comb.

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Comb. Both! I'll assure you, Saucebox; the worst is too good for you.

AIR X. *Gilly-Flow'r, gently Rosemary.*

I.

Why how now, Sir Clown, dost set up for a Wit?

Gilly-Flow'r, gentle Rosemary:

If here you should wed, you're as certainly bit,

As the Dew it flies over the Mulberry Tree,

II.

If such a fine Lady to Wife you should take,

Gilly-Flow'r, gentle Rosemary:

*Your Heart, Head, and Horns, shall as certainly
ake,*

As the Dew it flies over the Mulberry Tree.

Muck. Insufferable Assurance, affront a Gentleman in my House! Never mind her, Sir; she's none of my Niece, only a pert Slut of a Chambermaid.

Gayl. A Chamber Jade! Lord, Lord, how brave you keep your Maidens here in London! Wuns-lent, she's as fine as our Lady Mayorefs.

Muck. Ay, her Mistress spoils her; but follow me, Sir, and I'll warrant you we'll manage her, and her Mistress too.

AIR XI. Set by the Author.

I.

Gayl. *I am in Truth,
A Country Youth,
Unus'd to London Fashions;
Yet Virtue guides,
And still presides,
O'er all my Steps and Passions:
No courtly Leer,
But all sincere,
No Bribe shall ever blind me;
If you can like,
A Yorkshire Tike,
An honest Lad you'll find me.*

C

II. *The'*

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II.

*Tho' Envy's Tongue,
With Slander hung,
Does oft bely our County;
No Men on Earth,
Boast greater Worth,
Or more extend their Bounty:
Our Northern Breeze,
With us agrees,
And does for Business fit us;
In Publick Cares,
In Love's Affairs,
With Honour we acquit us.*

III.

*A noble Mind,
Is ne'er confin'd
To any Shire, or Nation,
He gains most Praise,
Who best displays,
A gen'rous Education,
While Rancour rous,
In narrow Souls,
By narrow Views discerning,
The truly wise,
Will only prize;
Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.*

[All this Time Gaylove does his utmost to discover himself to Arbella, but she turns from him, and won't understand him.]

Gayl. Well, an ye wunna see, I cannot help it. A I
Good-by-t'ye, forsooth; in the mean time, here's a
Paper with something in it that will clear your Lady
ship's Eye-sight. [Throws down a Letter, and Exit
smiling]

Arb. What can the Fool mean?

Comb. [Taking up the Letter.] Madam, as I live,
here's a Letter from Mr. Gaylove.

Arb. This is surprising!

[Snatches the Letter and reads]

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TH^O *this Disguise is put on to blind old Muck-worm, I hope it will not conceal from my dear Arbella, the Person of her ever constant*

GAYLOVE.

Blind Fool that I was! I could tear my Eyes out.

Comb. Lord, Ma'am, who the Duce could have thought it had been Mr. Gaylove, Well, our Maiden-heads certainly stood in our Lights this Bout.

Arb. Hold your Prattle; I have great hopes of this Enterprize, however, it carries a good Face with it; but whether it succeeds or no, I must love the dear Man that ventures so hard for my Sake.

AIR XII. Set by the Author.

I.

*That Man who best can Danger dare
Is most deserving of the Fair;
The Bold and Brave we Women prize,
The whining Slave we all despise.
The whining, &c.*

II.

*Let Coxcombs flatter, cringe and lie,
Pretend to languish, pine, and die;
Such Men of Words my Scorn shall be,
The Man of Deeds is the Man for me.
The Man, &c.*

[Exit.

Comb. My Mistress is intirely in the right on't.

AIR XIII. I had a pretty Lass a Tenant of my own.

*The Men that ventures fair'st,
And furthest for my Sake,
With a Fal, la, la, &c.*

*The soonest of my Purse,
And my Person shall partake,
With a Fal, la, la, &c.*

*No drowsy Drone shall ever
A Conquest make of me,
But to a Lad that's clever,
How civil could I be?*

With a Fal, la, la, &c.

[Exeunt.
Enter

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Enter Sapsculd dress'd a-la-mode de Petit Maître, Blunder in a rich Livery, with his Hair tuck'd up, and powder'd behind.

Blund. Mefs, Master, how fine ye be; marry, believe me, an ye were at *Sapsculd-Hall*, I dare say, Sir *Samuel* himself would hardly know ye.

Saps. Know me, marry, I don't know myself,—
[*Surveying himself.*]—I'm so fine: And thou art quite another sort of a Creature too.—[*Turns Blunder about.*]
—Well, talk what ye list o' *Yorkshire*, I say there's nought like *London*; for my Part, I don't care an I ne'er see the Face of *Sapsculd-Hall* agen.

Blund. What need ye, an ye gotten 6000 *l.* with young Gentlewoman; besides, Father has ty'd Estate fast enough to ye;—An I were as ye, I'd e'en bide here, and live as lofty as the best o' 'em.

" *Saps.* Ay, *Blunder*, so I will, and see *Bartledom* Fair too.

" *Blund.* That ye mun not, for I did hear 'em talk, at the *Green Man* at *Barnet*, as how the May'r had cry'd it down.

Saps. How! cry'd down *Bartledom* Fair! What a murrain is *London* good for then? I wou'dn't bide here and they'd gi't me—I thought to have had such Fun now——

" AIR XIV. *Bartholemew-Fair.*

I.

" O *Bartledom* Fair,
" Since thy Lord Mayor,
" Has cry'd thee down;
" There's nought worth Regarding,
" I'd not give a Farding,
" For *London* Town
" Such Pork, such Pig,
" Such Game, such Rig,
" Such Rattling there;
" But all's done,
" There's no Fun
" At *Bartledom* Fair.

" Farewell

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II.

- " Farewell all Joys,
" Of 'Prentice Boys,
" And pretty Maids;
" The Country and Court,
" Have lost all their Sport,
" And the Shew-Folks their Trades;
" Nay, even the Cit,
" In a generous Fit,
" Would take Spousy there;
" But all's done,
" There's no Fun,
" At Bartledom Fair.

To them, a Servant, well dress'd.

Serv. Gentlemen, I come from Sir *Penurious Muck-worm*, I am his Servant, and wait on purpose to conduct you to Mrs. *Arbella's* Apartment.

Saps. Servant! Waunds, why you'r finer nor your Master.

Serv. O, Sir, that's nothing in *London*.

SCENE, an Apartment.

Slango representing *Arbella*, *Servant* introducing *Sap-scul* and *Blunder*.

Saps. Well, Forsooth, you know my Bufiness; few Words are best among Friends——Is it a Match, or no?——say Ay? and I'll second you.

Slang. A very compendious way of wooing, truly.
[*Aside.*] I hope you'll spare a Maiden's Blushes, Sir; but Lard Gad you are too quick upon me.

Saps. I means to be quicker yet, ay marry, and make thee quick too, afore I ha' done with thee.

Slang. I protest, Sir, you put me to such a Nonplus, I don't know what to say.

Saps. Ne'er heed; Parson shall teach thee what to say. For my Part. I ha' con'd my Lesson afore hand.

Slang. But will you love me?

Saps. Love thee? Lord, Lord, I loves thee better than I does my *Bay Filley*; did you ne'er see her, Forsooth? Od, she's a dainty Tit, and sure I am,—— I

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loves her better nor I do nown Father.—*Blunder*, run and fet a Parson.

Slang. Mr. *Blunder* may save himself that Trouble, Sir, I have provided one already.

Saps. Why then, let's make haste, dear sweet Honey, for I do long till its over. [Exeunt.

Enter Gaylove and Arbella.

AIR XV. Set by the Author.

I.

Gayl. *Thou only Darling I admire,
My Heart's Delight, my Soul's Desire;
Possessing thee I've greater Store,
Than King to be of India's Shore.*

II.

*For every Woman were there three,
And in the World, no Man but me;
I'd single you from all the rest,
To sweeten Life, and make me blest.*

Arb. Well! I never was so deceiv'd in my Life! How could you clown it so naturally?

Gayl. What is it I would not do, for your dear Sake? But, I intreat you, let's lay hold of this Opportunity, and put it out of Fortune's Power ever to divide us.

Arb. What would you have me do?

Gayl. Leave all to me. I have left *Combrush* to amuse your Uncle, while a Fellow-Collegiate of mine, who is in Orders, waits in the next Room to finish the rest.

Arb. Do what you will with me: For, in short, I don't know what to do with myself.

AIR XVI. The Nymph that undoes me.

I.

Arb. *Let Prudes and Coquets their Intentions conceal;
With Pride, and with Pleasure, the Truth I re-
veal;*

*You're all I can wish, and all I desire;
So fix'd is my Flame, it ne'er can expire.*

So fix'd is my Flame, &c.

Gayl.

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II.

Gayl. *Let Rakes, and Libertines, revel and range;
Possess'd of such Treasure, what Mortal would
change?
You're the Source of my Hopes, the Spring of my
Joy,
A Fountain of Bliss that never can cloy.
A Fountain of Bliss, &c.*

AIR XVII. By Mr. Handel.

[Gaylove and Arbella together.

*How transporting is the Pleasure,
When two Hearts like ours unite?
When our Fondness knows no Measure,
And no Bounds our dear Delight.*

[Exeunt.

Enter Muckworm and Combrush.

Muck. Well; I forgive you: This last Action has made Amends for all. I find a Chamber-maid is Prime Minister in Matrimonial Affairs—And you say, they are quite loving?

Comb. Fond, fond, Sir, as two Turtles! But I beg you wou'd not disturb 'em.

Muck. By no Means; let 'em have their Love out, pretty Fools! I shall be glad, however, to see some of their little Fondnesses: But tell me seriously, how do you like the 'Squire?

Comb. Oh! of all Things, Sir; and so does my Mistress, I assure you.

Muck. How that Scoundrel, Gaylove, will be disappointed!

Comb. He'll be ready to hang himself, (about her Neck) [Aside.

Muck. They'll make Ballads upon him.

Comb. I have made one already, and will sing it if you please.

Muck. With all my Heart.

AIR

20 *The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

A I R XVIII. A Beggar got a Beadle.

I.

*There was a certain Usurer,
He had a pretty Niece;
Was courted by a Barrister,
Who was her doating Piece,
Her Uncle to prevent the same,
Did all that in him lay,
For which he's very much to blame,
As all good People say.*

II.

*A Country 'Squire was to wed,
This fair and dainty Dame;
But such Contraries in a Bed,
Wou'd be a monstrous Shame:
To see a Lady bright and gay,
Of Fortune, and of Charms,
So shamefully, be thrown away,
Into a Losby's Arms.*

III.

*The Lovers, thus distracted,
It set 'em on a Plot;
Which lately has been acted,
And——shall I tell you what,
The Gentleman disguis'd himself
Like to the Country 'Squire,
Deceiv'd the old mischievous Elf,
And got his Heart's Desire.*

Muck. I don't like this Song.

Comb. Then you don't like Truth, Sir.

Muck. What! d'ye mean to affront me?

Comb. Wou'd you have me tell a Lye, Sir?

Muck. Get out of my House, you Baggage.

Comb. I only stay to take my Mistress with me;
and see, here she comes.

To them Gaylove and Arbella.

Muck. So, Sir; you have deceiv'd me: but I'll provide you a Wedding-Suit; a fine long Chancery Suit, before ever you touch a Penny of her Fortune.

Gayl.

The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN. 21

Gayl. Sir, if you dare embezzle a Farthing, I'll provide you with a more lasting Garment; a curious Stone Doublet: You have met with your Match, Sir; I have studied the Law, ay, and practis'd it too.

Muck. The Devil take you, and the Law together. —

To them Sapsfull and Slango.

—— Hey Day! Who in the Name of Wonder have we got here?

Gayl. Only 'Squire *Sapsfull*, his Bride, and boobily Man.

Slang. Come, my Dear! hold up your Head like a Man, and let him see what an elegant Husband I have got.

Blund. Ay; and let 'em see what a dainty Wife my Master has gotten.

Saps. Here's a Pow'r of fine Folk, sweet honey Wife! pray, who may they be?

Slang. This, Sir, is Sir *Penurious Muckworm*——

Saps. No Honey! I fear you are mistaken. Sir *Penurious* is another guise Sort of a Man: an I mistake not, he's more liker yon same Gentleman.

Blund. Ay, so he is, Master.

Slang. That same Gentleman was Sir *Penurious Muckworm*, some time ago, but now he's chang'd to *George Gaylove*, Esq;

Gayl. At your Service, Sir.

Saps. And who's yon fine Lady?

Gayl. My Wife, Sir, and that worthy Knight's Niece.

Saps. Your Wife! and that Knight's Niece? why who a murrain have I gotten then?

Gayl. My Man, *Slango*; and I wish you much Joy.

Saps. Your Man, *Slango*! what have I married a Man, then?

Slang. If you don't like me, my Dear, we'll be divorc'd this Minute.

Saps. My Dear, a Murrain take such Dears! Where's my Writings? I'll ha' you all hang'd for Cheats.

Gayl.

22 *The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

Gayl. You had better hang your self for a Fool. Go Home, Child, go Home, and learn more Wit. There's your Deed of Settlement; but as for the Writings, they happen to be mine, and kept fraudulently from me by your Father, to whom they were mortgag'd by my late Brother. The Estate has been clear these three Years. Send your Father to me and I'll talk to him. This is but Tit for Tat, young Gentleman. Your Father wanted to get my Estate from me, and I have got the Wife he intended for you. All's fair, Sir.

Muck. I say all's foul, and a damn'd Cheat; and so I'll make it appear. [Exit, in a Rage.]

Gayl. Do your worst, Sir, you can't unmarry us.

A I R XIX. Set by the Author.

Arb. Now Fortune is past it's severest,
My Passion, of Mortal's sincerest,
Kind Heaven has repaid in my Dearest;
What Gift can it greater bestow?

Gayl. True Love shall thro' Destiny guide us,
Still Constant whatever betide us,
There's nothing but Death shall divide us,
So faithful a Fondness we'll show.

B O T H.

By Cupid and Hymen united,
By Danger no longer affrighted,
We'll live in each other delighted,
The greatest of Blessings below.

Saps. What mun I do? I mun ne'er see Father's Face again.

Gayl. Never fear, 'Squire, I'll set all to rights; tho' your Father's my Enemy, I'm not yours: My House shall be your Home, till I have reconcil'd you to your Father; and for the Honour of *Yorkshire*, I'll see you shan't be abus'd here.

Saps. Say ye so, Sir? then I do wish you much Joy with all my Heart.

Blund. Ay, and so does *Blunder* too.

Saps.

The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN. 23

Saps. Well, fin I see you be so happy in a Wife,
I'll not be long without one I assure you.

Gayl. You can't be happier than I wish you.

AIR XX. Set by the Author.

C H O R U S.

I.

Gayl. *Come learn by this ye Batchelors,*
Come learn by this ye Batchelors,
Who lead unsettled Lives,
When once ye come to serious Thought,
When once ye come to serious Thought,
There's nothing like good Wives.

II.

Arb. *Come learn by this ye Maidens fair,*
Come learn, &c.
Say I advise you well,
You're better in a Husband's Arms,
You're better, &c.
Than leading Apes in Hell,
Than leading, &c.

III.

Saps. *A Batchelor's a Cormorant,*
A Batchelor's, &c.
A Batchelor's a Drone,
He eats and drinks at all Men's Cost,
He eats, &c.
But seldom at his own,
But seldom, &c.

IV.

Comb. *Old Maids and fussy Batchelors,*
Old Maids, &c.
At Marriage rail and lowr,
So when the Fox cou'dn't reach the Grapes,
So when, &c.
He cry'd, they all were fowr,
He cry'd, &c.

O M N E S.

Old Maids, &c.

F I N I S.



PROLOGUE.

*THE Great, the Good, the Wise in every Age
Have made a moral Mirrour of the Stage;
While, to the Shame and Spite of tasteless Fools,
Terence still reigns a Classic in our Schools:
But now the DRAMMA fears a sad Decline,
And peevish Hypocrites its Fall combine.
From Stage to Stage, behold our Author toss'd,
And but for you, his Genius crush'd and lost.
No Wilks, no Booth! his Labours to requite,
He here takes shelter, studious to delight.*

*But to our EARCE—It has a double Aim
To honour Wedlock, and put Fools to Shame;
Folly and Prejudice, too near a Kin,
Supply pert Coxcombs with Eternal Grin;
So infinitely stupid is whose Mirth,
They'll ridicule one's very Place of Birth,
And cry, An Honest Yorkshire-Man! a Wonder!
But let them shoot their Bolts, let Blockheads blunder.
The glorious Heroes of the Yorkshire Line,
To Times last Period shall in Annals shine;
While stand'ring Slaves, who would those Honours
blot,*

Shall unregarded live, — and die forgot.

*Mean and unmanly is such partial Spite,
Averse to Nature's Laws, to Reason's Light;
All Fellow-Creatures, sure, should social be,
Nay, even to Brutes we owe Humanity.*

*Our Author does in Virtue's Cause engage,
In hopes to make her shine upon the Stage;
A modest Entertainment we intend,
Willing to please, yet fearful to offend;
Indulge us therefore, if you can't commend.*



EPILOGUE,

E. Spoken by Mrs. CANTRELL the Three
First Nights.

*M*arriage of humane social States the best,
Has been too long the Coxcomb's common Jest,
While worn-out Reprobates, and silly Boys,
Unworthy as unknowing of its Joys,
Loudly exclaim against the Nuptial Life,
Extol the Harlot, but cry down the Wife.
To such Extreams their saucy Sneers are carry'd,
One wou'd conclude their Mothers dy'd unmarried.

To Virtus's Glory see the Good and Great,
Set bright Examples of the Marriage State.
Behold our Sovereign Lord compleatly blest,
And in his Queen, of all that's good possess:
In his Illustrious Consort CAROLINE,
All Virtues, all Perfections, splended shine.
Tho' plac'd in the Sublimity of Life,
Still a fond Mother, still a tender Wife,
Pattern of Virtue, and Connubial Love,
A finish'd Copy of the blest Above.

Ladies, I now must plead the Poet's Cause,
He's your old Champion—shall he have Applause?
If Value for our Sex can recommend,
He's known by all to be a Woman's Friend.

EPI-



EPILOGUE,

Spoken after the Third Night, in the
Summer-Season, at the Haymarket.

*WE see with Pleasure the indulgent Town,
Won't let their veteran Bard be quite cast down;
Spight of Stage-Tyrants, and their partial Scoff,
He stood his Trial, and came nobly off.
I told him, if the Ladies did befriend him,
He'd gain his Point, Success would sure attend him.
This little House, this Season of the Year,
The Town so thin, might give the Man some Fear:
But full of Hopes, he follow'd Fortune's Call,
Better to act it here, than not at all.
'Tis a new Practice, tho' I see no Reason,
To shut the Stage up all the Summer Season.
Our very Candle-snuffer's Winter's Pay,
Will scarce support him in a Summer's Day.
Why do our angry Grandfire's vent their Rage,
And persecute so fierce their once lov'd Stage,
Lost to all Taste of customary Joys,
These old Men quite forget they once were Boys.
FIELDING and OATES may pray for London's
May'r,
He's granted them a Holiday this Fair.
Then hither bring your Daughters, Friends and Spou-
ses;
We'll find Diversion, so you'll find full Houses.
We don't pretend the Tip-top to excel,
But 'tis some kind of Merit to mean well.*





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